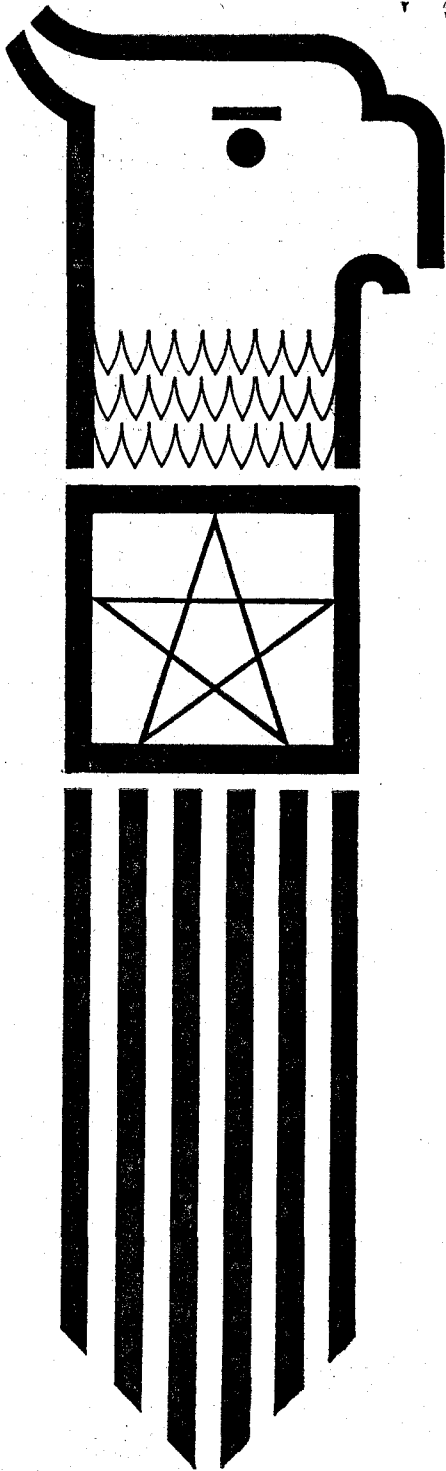


THE THIRSTY AUTOMOBILE: *Ralph Lee Smith*

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 10, 1962 . . 25c



THOSE OVERSEAS BASES

Test of Statesmanship

Fred Warner Neal



Cracked Record on the Campus

THE COLONEL'S KOREAN 'TURNCOATS'

John Greenway

The Charles C. Sherrard Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

But Is It Art?

Dear Sirs: In his review of the dramatization of C. P. Snow's *The Affair* [Oct. 13], Harold Clurman writes: "Angus Wilson has said that Snow's novels are not art but sociology. Agreed." Mr. Wilson's quip has about as much critical point as if he had said of *Moby Dick*, the bulk of which is taken up with the natural history of whales and the origin, history, economy and procedures of the whaling fishery, that it is not art but cetology.

In his series of novels collectively entitled "Strangers and Brothers" and the novel *The Search*, Snow has undertaken to explore and record several aspects of English society in the course of its transformation during the years of this century. He has done this not as a sociologist but in the tradition of Balzac, Zola and others. . . . I am surprised that Mr. Wilson . . . should have tried to dispose of Snow's novels like some lay don Leavis. And what surprises me even more is that Mr. Clurman, usually so discerning, should so readily have given his imprimatur to Mr. Wilson's snappy sally.

DAVID L. WEISSMAN

New York City

Assassins All

Dear Sirs: At the end of the Second World War, intellectuals everywhere proclaimed a sense of what they referred to as "universal guilt"—*Nous sommes tous des assassins*, one acknowledged, with a gratifying sense of having done something magnanimous. . . . Since then, there has been apparent a growing desire of the intellectual to back out from this confrontation of himself as one of those who contribute to our present woes, and to console himself by pointing a finger of scorn at governments and at his neighbors.

Intellectuals have erroneously seen guilt as attached almost exclusively to the enemy nation. They wish now—justifiably—to avoid repeating this error. But if, in his anxiety to avoid facing and shouldering his own sense of guilt, the intellectual is moved to transfer that guilt to his *own* government, his *own* people, rather than those of the enemy, he will be no closer to wisdom.

We have no program to offer the intellectual in these times. He must say what seems to him necessary to be said. He must, of course, criticize, be

alert to detect incipient error, incipient signs of irresponsibility. We suggest, however, that his first *responsibility*, as an intellectual, is to acknowledge his own complicity, to place himself squarely within the human community. In that posture, and only in that posture, will he be listened to with respect, and perhaps heard.

BARBARA GIBBS GOLFFING
FRANCIS GOLFFING

Peterborough, N.H.

The Right Note

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Benjamin Boretz's Lincoln Center column in your October 27 issue.

New York City NAT HENTOFF

Understanding Disarmament

Dear Sirs: To help the average citizen understand the proposals for a test ban and disarmament, the Disarmament Committee of the Washington Women Strike for Peace has assembled a booklet entitled "The Story of Disarmament." The eighty-page booklet may be purchased for \$1 per copy at: Women Strike for Peace, 1822 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., Publications Department.

DAGMAR WILSON

Washington, D.C.

Still, Its a Help

Dear Sirs: In an editorial in your Sept. 15 issue titled "It's Delightful, It's Delectable, It's Deductible," you say: "A entertains B, presents the bill to his own corporation, which pays and deducts from its income tax. Then B entertains A. Uncle Sam pays it all."

Uncle Sam pays 52 per cent of the bill, not all. Entertainment may be charged to expense, subject to review by the internal revenue agents. Expense reduces profits. The corporation profit tax is 52 per cent. The corporation must pay 48 per cent of the entertainment bill.

Cleveland, O. WILLIAM FEATHER

Conscience Fund

Dear Sirs: Last year I was one of the Arizona public school teachers who taught without pay because we did not sign the so-called "loyalty oath" required of all public employees under the Arizona Communist Control Act of 1961. One of the teachers, Barbara Elfbrandt, initiated legal action challenging the constitutionality of the oath requirement and that suit is now in the courts.

I am no longer in Arizona, but my

thoughts and hopes are with my three colleagues in Tucson who have begun a second year of payless teaching duties. The Conscience Fund, established to keep the teachers who are challenging the oath requirement on the job, is depleted. . . . I urge you to respond with a generous contribution sent to Richard Gorby, Treasurer, Emergency Committee, 2648 North Fair Oaks, Tucson, Arizona.

CLYDE R. APPLETON

Raleigh, N.C.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

297 •

ARTICLES

- 300 • Those Overseas Bases: Test of Statesmanship
by FRED WARNER NEAL
- 302 • The Colonel's Korean "Turn-coats"
by JOHN GREENWAY
- 305 • The Thirsty Automobile
by RALPH LEE SMITH
- 307 • The Lost Englishman: Search for an Identity
by W. J. WEATHERBY

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 310 • The World of Henry James
by NEWTON ARVIN
 - 311 • The Evolution of Tass
by MARK GAYN
 - 312 • The Tide Comes In
by HAYDEN CARRUTH
 - 313 • Architecture
by WALTER McQUADE
 - 314 • Music
by BENJAMIN BORETZ
 - 316 • Films
by ROBERT HATCH
- Crossword Puzzle (opp. 316)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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EDITORIALS

The Sigh of Relief

When Khrushchev agreed to move his missiles back to where they came from, the American people, the Russian people, the Cuban people and indeed all the peoples of the world, breathed easier. The feeling was human and genuine and, within limits, it is a good sign, because it demonstrates once again how strong and universal is the longing for peace. Apparently the only ones who were disappointed are the Cuban counterrevolutionists, who fear that the President's assurance that there would be no invasion dooms their hopes for an early return to their homeland.

It does not, necessarily. In the first place, the negotiations for a settlement of the Cuban question have scarcely begun. It is plain enough that neither the Kennedy Administration nor the Kremlin wants a nuclear war, but we knew that already. We also knew that neither the Russian nor the American people want one. But the all-important details remain to be spelled out, and the possibility remains that the crisis may flare up again, like a fire from its embers. The chances are a settlement will be consummated, but it will be pro tem and how long it will last is anyone's guess.

If this is true of the confrontation in Cuba, it applies with much greater force to the world-wide conflict between the capitalist and Communist camps and the various potential battlefields where diplomats maneuver and men stand at arms. The most obvious locale for a crisis is, of course, Berlin. Kennedy stood firm in Cuba and he won. But in Cuba the military cards were all in his hands. In Berlin they are mostly in Khrushchev's hands. And if Khrushchev wants to remain the head man in the Kremlin, he badly needs a victory or, at least, a face-saving compromise in that theatre of the cold war, where he has committed himself far more irrevocably than he did in Cuba.

Another cause for misgivings, rather than relief, is that the bulk of the American public, and the American press which has conditioned them, apparently do not yet know, in their bones and glands, that the nuclear bomb has been invented. They fear it, hence the sigh of relief when the immediate prospect of its use was averted; but they rallied behind the President with the same mass tropism as in 1899. The fact that this is an utterly different world has simply not been digested.

The lessons which most of the newspapers gleaned from the Cuban episode are fallacious. Judging by editorial content, they have learned nothing that will be useful in the crises that lie directly ahead. *The New York Times* published a sampling of nation-wide editorial comment on October 30. It fell into well-defined patterns. The less prevalent was one of redoubled truculence and a conviction that readiness to brave nuclear war was the right course. Another group of newspapers, including some of the most liberal and intelligent, were hopeful that a general settlement might emerge from the momentary *détente*. But this is impossible as long as the United States insists on preserving the *status quo* all over the world, holding and increasing its nuclear lead, intervening economically and militarily wherever revolution threatens, and blaming the Soviet Union for the inevitable explosions resulting from widespread injustice and repression. That way peace does not lie.

Much depends on what Kennedy and Khrushchev and their advisers have learned from the peril which has been momentarily escaped. On our side, the screams of the war hawks are louder than ever. If Kennedy actually forgoes armed action against Cuba, he will be accused of being soft on Castroism; indeed the accusation is already being made. Senator Goldwater condemned the pledge, without knowing its terms and future interpretation, and urged the President to get rid of advisers who "have consistently urged a soft

policy toward communism." Senator Capehart warned that the United States must not deed Cuba over to communism. Edward V. Rickenbacker, more virulent than ever, has announced the formation of a national organization to protest the terms of the forthcoming Cuban settlement. Like the other right-wingers, he is against every compromise, every step away from the edge of the precipice.

The President himself, in his rancor toward Castro, has strengthened the cause of those who seek the overthrow of the Cuban revolution at any cost. Unless he is as able and willing to confront them as he confronted Khrushchev, in a year or less he might be carried along by them. It is no time for sighing, but a time for renewed vigilance by those who love life and their country.

The Ever-Rising Curve

It is an ill wind that doesn't put money in someone's pocket, and the aftermath of the Cuban crisis is almost certain to be a joyful New Year for the armament industries and the Pentagon. In *The Wall Street Journal*, James N. Wallace quotes a Pentagon official who suggested that a boost of \$4 billion in the armament budget was possible. The mechanics are simple. If the country encounters a setback, obviously more money must be poured into the military maw, lest there be a succession of setbacks. After a victory, the same necessity prevails, since the situation might have gone the other way had it not been for the earlier appropriations, which therefore must be increased to make victory certain in the future.

Even before the Cuban crisis, the Air Force was raising its annual cry of "More money!" It asked \$23.5 billion for fiscal 1964, \$3.5 billion more than it is spending this fiscal year. The Air Force, that is, would have liked to receive almost the entire raise projected for July, 1963-July, 1964. Its planners made it clear that they had not abandoned the RS-70 reconnaissance bomber, looked on askance by the Defense Department. They now want permission to build eight prototypes instead of the three previously demanded. Of course, the Air Force also wants a bigger role in space, although what it proposes to do there remains as nebulous as ever.

This aspiration of the Air Force may be satisfied, though surely not to repletion: the Air Force can never get enough of weapons, any more than a Don Juan can get enough of women. In the annual sharing with the other services, however, the upcoming fiscal year promises to be less of a bonanza for the Air Force than for the competing services. The Cuban crisis has strengthened the hand of the Navy, which played a major role with its blockade. The Navy feels itself badly in need of renovation, and on no picayune scale. The average age of all ships in the active fleet is fifteen

years and the Navy would like to build seventy new ships a year, as against the thirty-seven budgeted for fiscal 1963. If this request is not heeded, according to a recent Congressional subcommittee report, the Navy is headed toward a "block obsolescence" which can have the most disastrous consequences to this country.

Although it played no active role in the Cuban crisis, the Army has likewise been strengthened in its demands for a raise. Had the Administration been forced to invade Cuba, presumably the resulting war would have been fought largely or entirely with conventional arms; it would have been a second brushfire war on top of the one in South Vietnam. The sixteen existing Army divisions are held to be inadequate, and General Maxwell Taylor, the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, is in favor of at least one completely air-mobile assault division. The Army is contesting with the Air Force for mobility: the proposed Seventeenth Division would have no less than 300 aircraft of its own. Mobility, whether on the ground or in the air, runs into money.

However, the tear ducts need not be drained to exhaustion by the sorrows of the Air Force. Its reconnaissance, after all, saved the day. Reconnaissance, as *The Wall Street Journal* says, "is apt to be a good sales pitch to Congress." The Air Force had to borrow Navy interceptors during the Cuban crisis; this must never happen again. Rest easy: the Air Force will get more money, though not as much more as it had hoped. But so, too, will the Army and the Navy; it is now their turn to ride an escalator which never stops running.

Don't Keep Your Mouth Shut!

The performance of the embryonic peace movement in the Cuban crisis was as good as could be expected. It was the first time that it really found itself under the gun. Although there was plenty of forewarning, the crisis itself flared up suddenly and there was little time to react. It was harder to go into the streets and demonstrate for peace when Khrushchev had planted rockets on Cuban soil than when it was only a question of nuclear testing. It meant overcoming one's own feeling of isolation, since it was perfectly clear that most of the people were rallying blindly around the President and anyone who counseled moderation risked being stigmatized as a pacifist, or even a traitor. Yet there were some thousands who did just that, including sizable contingents in the universities.

It is important to keep certain primer facts in mind. This is a big country and its public-opinion machinery operates on a commensurate scale. There are pressures and counter-pressures. The mass media tend to distort mass opinion in the direction of what they regard as their own interest, but they cannot suppress dissident views entirely and some do not wish to. When the friends

of peace lose heart, the distortion is doubled. No one knows, then, that there is a minority opinion, and that all history shows that what starts as a minority often becomes a majority. And that right is not necessarily on the side of the biggest numbers, any more than on the side of the biggest battalions. Conscience must speak to power.

There is another practical reason for all to voice their fears, their hopes, their misgivings, their reasoning. Despite the expertise of the experts and the complexity of the problems, no one, right up to the President himself, knows all the answers. Except for extremists, who in the United States are not usually in a position of power, no one is utterly sure of himself or entirely inaccessible to sensible arguments. In the Cuban crisis, the President and his small circle of advisers must have had misgivings of their own as they staked their own lives and the lives of millions. Whoever makes an appeal, if only by going to a meeting or carrying a sign, may influence the outcome by increasing the room for maneuver of those who make the decisions.

The peace movement has its work cut out for it. For the sake of all of us, we may hope that it will grow. But whether it represents a minority of 10 per cent or 1 per cent, those presently in it are the only ones who can make it grow. They must use the old means, and devise new ones, to meet future emergencies.

'Sledge-hammer Logic'

The Atlantic Research Corporation of Alexandria, Va., has been the recipient of \$30 million worth of defense contracts a year. "Were it not for Atlantic," one admirer has been quoted as saying, "we might have to get our space fuel from the Russians." Last month the corporation's involvement in financial high jinks, not defense, made news. The SEC suspended trading in the corporation's stock, stating:

While the report of Atlantic Research to its shareholders showed a net income of \$1,473,192 for the year 1961, which figure also is carried in securities manuals, financial statements on file with the commission reflect a loss of \$1,066,015 on a consolidated basis for Atlantic Research and its subsidiaries.

In an article with the title "Sledge-hammer Tactics," *Barron's*, a financial weekly, charged that the SEC was guilty of what amounts to subversion of our national defense effort:

To the extent that it impairs the company's usefulness, present and future, the SEC may have struck a blow not for the public interest but against the national security. . . . Since Atlantic Research turns out missiles and rockets, the danger is clear and present.

This is nonsense, of course. Although Atlantic's activity on Wall Street is temporarily curtailed, the Department of Defense will continue to buy from

Atlantic because it must. The real question lies elsewhere: Should a defense contractor who is neither forthright nor consistent in his report to shareholders be allowed to retain vital scientific talent and production facilities that have been largely created and supported by taxes levied in the name of national security? Privates are court-martialed for less. If this country must rely on the likes of the Atlantic Research Corporation for space fuel, we do face a clear and present danger. And it isn't from the SEC.

Negroes Are People

There are a few Negro star actors — you can count them on the fingers of one hand — but that means very little to the ordinary Negro actor or to the Negroes who are star material and who cannot make a living in the movies or TV, or on the stage. Nor does the presence of an occasional successful Negro in these industries disprove the deep-seated racism of the proud American democracy. It means little more today than in the twenties, when a first-rate Negro actor, Charles Gilpin, played the title role of O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*. In any other play, he would have been cast as a bellboy — a comical one, more likely than not.

Rep. Adam Clayton Powell (D., N.Y.) is not *The Nation's* favorite Congressman, but on October 29 the House Labor Committee which he heads brought out, at a hearing, some facts of which every American should be ashamed. One of the witnesses was Sidney Poitier, who described himself as the only male Negro among 13,000 members of the Screen Actors Guild who is able to make a living exclusively from motion pictures. This twenty years after Wendell Willkie (then of Twentieth Century Fox) and Walter White of the NAACP held conferences with executives of the motion-picture industry in an effort to obtain for the Negro his rightful place as a screen actor. Darryl Zanuck, at the time, summed up the situation with admirable clarity: what the emissaries were asking was that Negroes should be used in motion pictures in accordance with their roles in life: "some are heroic, some are not; some are serious minded, others are comedians; some are industrious, some are lazy; some hold highly responsible positions, some of course are in menial occupations. In other words, they are just like all other human beings." But nothing came of all this palaver.

"I have made seventeen pictures," said Mr. Poitier last week, "but it is no joy for me that I am used as the example to prove they really don't discriminate." He thought that other, more gifted Negroes (Mr. Poitier is a modest sort of man) had been forced to leave the industry for lack of work. Ossie Davis and Hilda Simms testified to the same effect. Even the "Negro play" *Purlie Victorious*, which ran for eight months on Broadway, provided more jobs for whites than for Negroes

(there were five Negroes and four whites in the cast, but no Negro house manager, ushers or wardrobe workers). Miss Simms, who cannot be identified as colored either in stills or in motion pictures, told about a television play in which she appeared as the wife of Mr. Poitier. NBC received some 200 letters of protest; the writers assumed she was white. NBC was concerned and asked Miss Simms to make affidavit that she was black. Miss Simms refused and has not been hired by NBC since.

Today, as twenty years ago, what the Negro wants is basically quite simple. It is not that a Negro should be cast in the role of Rhett Butler in *Gone with the Wind* or as an adjutant to General Robert E. Lee or as a classmate of the late William Faulkner at Ole Miss a gen-

eration ago. It is simply that, in addition to parts which call for Negroes, Negro actors and actresses should also have their share of what might be called the every-day roles. After all, Negroes are part of the American scene: they are school teachers, taxi drivers, cooks, clerks and bell boys; they are also beauticians, morticians and obstetricians. Negroes are part of crowds; they travel on subways and buses and airlines. Today, also, they serve in the armed forces, attend schools, churches and work in factories in most parts of the country on a nonsegregated basis. What the Negro objects to, in essence, is not so much "tokenism" as "totemism" in the original anthropological sense — namely, the tendency to accept one Negro as an emblem of the group.

TEST OF STATESMANSHIP

THOSE OVERSEAS BASES . . . *by Fred Warner Neal*

November 2

THE CUBAN crisis is likely to be some kind of turning point — for either good or ill — in the cold war. Given imagination and wisdom on our part, it could become an opportunity for building the peace.

This is being written with the repercussions from the Cuban crisis still far from clear, but it does seem that three major results are apparent:

1. The era of American unilateral diplomacy in the Caribbean has been demonstrated to have come to an end. United States influence in the area is still predominant, but we have had to recognize—despite our forceful position in imposing the "quarantine" — that affairs in the Caribbean concern not only the United States but other powers as well, to say nothing of the United Nations.

2. The whole question of foreign bases as a factor in the American-Soviet cold-war confrontation has

been dramatically raised for the first time. Particularly is this important for the United States, which has had a tendency to ignore this as a cold-war issue.

3. From here on, cold-war tensions are likely either to be ameliorated or exacerbated, depending on the actual settlement and how both the United States and the Soviet Union react to it.

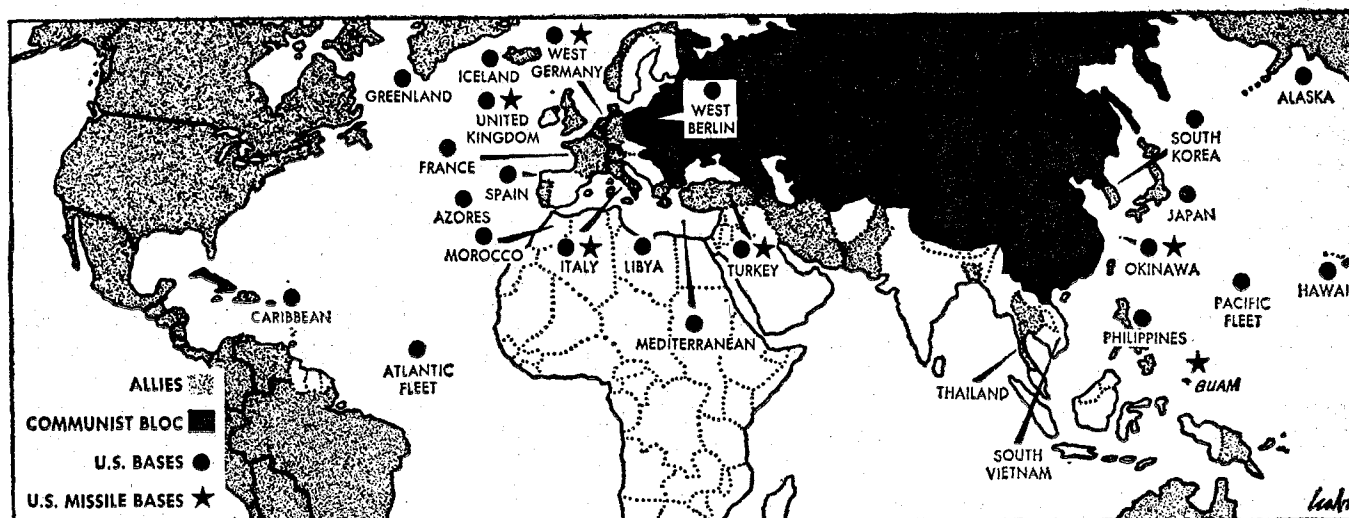
The upshot of the Cuban crisis, as of last weekend, appeared to be a clear-cut U.S. victory. And it was; we were about to achieve what we wanted to achieve, i.e., withdrawal of Soviet missile bases in Cuba. But it was also a Soviet victory, despite what appears as a serious loss of face for Moscow. The proclaimed Soviet policy of offering protection to revolutionary regimes, while at the same time insisting that thermonuclear war could be avoided, is an important facet of Soviet foreign policy in both ideological and power terms. In one way, it goes to the heart of the Soviet-Chinese dispute. Moscow can now make a good case that its policy has been vindicated. It has been able to extract a formal pledge from the United States — with the UN virtually employed as underwriter—that we will not invade Cuba.

The danger lies in the likelihood

that unless this rather ambiguous ending to the Cuban crisis is followed by diplomatic effort on both sides to reduce other cold-war tensions, both sides may become more, rather than less, recalcitrant. The American public reaction is certain to be that we have shown that we can make the Russians back down and that we should follow this success with a harder line elsewhere. Such reaction may be all the stronger once the impact of the Cuban settlement on our position in the Caribbean is realized. On the other hand, the Soviet Union, having suffered a loss of face, at least on the surface, is now virtually impelled to show that it is not backing down on its positions elsewhere.

THIS could result in a dangerous sharpening of the tensions—Berlin is one obvious focal point—unless some agreement is quickly arrived at to forestall it. The responsibility for initiative here would seem to be on the United States. As the "victors" in the Cuban confrontation, our logical gambit is to follow Machiavelli's advice in such cases and be magnanimous. We should do so not only in order to minimize the likelihood of a hardening of Soviet policy, but also because one of the factors previously inhibiting our ability to compromise

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has been removed. The willingness of the Administration to risk war over Cuba should exorcise the specter that either the Soviet Union or our allies might regard realistic American compromises as a sign of weakness.

IT IS a principle of international politics that each state has a set of vital interests—core interests—that it identifies with its very existence. These interests are not always easy to see or define, but it is clear that in the case of powerful states they include at least those areas on their immediate periphery. Traditionally, a challenge to such core interests has brought the threat of war.

The Soviet Union, in moving to establish missile bases in Cuba—for whatever purpose—challenged a very sensitive American core interest. And our response to it was the traditional response of a nation state in such cases. It was a combination of the Soviet move and the American response that so seriously threatened the peace.

It is quite true that in the age of thermonuclear bombs and ICBMs, the very existence of these weapons constitutes a mutual threat, no matter where they are situated. But the psychological impact of the geopolitical aspects—the core-interest idea—remains not only important, but dominant. No clearer illustration can be imagined than our reaction to the developments in Cuba. We were, in fact, not threatened militarily by missiles in Cuba any more than we had been all along by missiles in the Soviet Union—despite

all the fuss made about the difference in warning time. But our reaction to the one threat was vastly different from our reaction to the other, and the reason was that the Soviet missile bases in Cuba constituted a direct challenge to an area that has been our most vital concern, that is, a clear American core interest.

Our reaction to this Soviet challenge was both natural and justified, whatever one may think of the manner in which it was carried out. But for a number of years the USSR has lived under an even more severe challenge posed by our bases around the Soviet periphery. These bases were established when the Soviet Union was in a position of relative military inferiority to the United States. The Russians have not liked them. They have inveighed against them. But thus far they have not threatened force to make us remove them. Meanwhile, we have spurned pleas for negotiation of the matter.

We like to think, of course, that our bases are different from Moscow's, and so they may be. The important point is that it is entirely natural that Moscow would not—could not—think so. Almost every point made so eloquently by Ambassador Stevenson to the Security Council to prove that our bases were good and Soviet bases were bad could be utilized by the Russians to prove the exact opposite. Our bases are defensive, to defend Turkey, Pakistan, Iran and Norway. Cannot the USSR say its bases were to defend Cuba? We were invited by the host countries. Were not the Russians invited by Castro? The So-

viet bases introduced nuclear weapons into a new area; they upset the *status quo*. Did we not create foreign bases in countries where there had been none before? Our bases were in response to threatening bases inside Soviet territory. Could we expect the Cubans and their Soviet allies to ignore installations in Florida?

THE FACT is—regardless of how we may see our bases—that to establish bases on the border of another state must inevitably be considered a provocative act. Up until now, however, the United States has been kept from appreciating the impact of our bases around the Soviet Union primarily by our tendency to see contemporary international politics primarily in strictly black and white terms—a direct conflict between American good and democracy on the one side and Soviet evil and dictatorship on the other. The Soviet Union, on its part, has tended to see the world in much the same terms, only, of course, reversed. One has only to note the initial speeches of Ambassadors Stevenson and Zorin to the Security Council last week. In both, a lack of candor vied with a lack of perspective.

One can only hope now that the impact of the Cuban crisis may jar loose some of the rigidity in American thinking that has made it difficult, if not impossible, for us to accept the idea that the Soviet Union could quite honestly and sincerely consider our bases as a threat.

The tensions resulting from these bases have been an important block

to easing the cold war and reaching agreement on disarmament — the real objective of intelligent foreign policy. The irony is that these bases provide little real military protection to anybody — and certainly not to the United States, since the Russians could easily knock them out at any time (just as we could knock out the bases in Cuba). In addition, our bases are enormously costly and rapidly becoming outmoded. Furthermore, the presence of these bases tends to increase, rather than diminish, the tendency of both sides to be “trigger happy”; and it is precisely for a reduction of “trigger-happy” tensions that our new “science” of arms control is plugging.

The Russians have, under virtual threat, agreed to withdraw their bases from Cuba. For us now to negotiate with them the whole question of foreign bases on each other's periphery would be the highest statesmanship and definitely in the American interest. There is some indication that Moscow would consider withdrawal of our bases in Turkey alone as a *quid pro quo* for Cuba. It is only in Turkey—as far as one knows—that we have missile bases. But we do have installations capable of offensive action—SAC bases, for instance—in Pakistan, Iran and Norway, all on the Soviet periphery. And as long as they are there, they con-

stitute a challenge to Soviet core interests that can only produce tensions without furnishing the protection for which they were intended.

It could well be that we would not have to withdraw American bases in these countries *in toto*—not, for example, American troops—but only installations capable of offensive action. In return, we would have not only greater assurance of complete Soviet withdrawal from Cuba, but also Soviet agreement not to establish similar installations anywhere in this hemisphere. Any such arrangement, of course, would have to be under United Nations inspection.

As part of the agreement, there would have to be acceptance of the territorial *status quo*, at least in the areas involved. This could and should promote a settlement of the Berlin dilemma. We have already accepted the territorial *status quo* as far as Cuba is concerned. Having demonstrated our firmness and will in the Cuban crisis, we are now in a much better position to recognize—in one form or another—the facts of East Germany and the Oder-Neisse line. The Russians would, of course, have to agree to respect the independent status of West Berlin.

For the time being, at least, American military positions in Western Europe (including West Germany) and Soviet military positions in East-

ern Europe (including East Germany) should be excluded from any such *détente*. These are core interests on both sides. It is conceivable that agreement on mutual disengagement in Europe could come later—as indeed common sense dictates that it should—but this is a different and less pressing matter.

IT IS NOT impossible that at least an implicit agreement to negotiate on the matter of bases is already a part of the resolution of the Cuban crisis. At this writing, nobody can predict with certainty what the aftermath will be in terms of the reactions of either side. On our part, if we do anything at all, clearly it will have to wait until after the elections. There can be no doubt that the Administration will be under enormous pressure to respond to its success in the Cuban affair with further pressure on the Soviet Union, rather than with compromises; to “stand firmer” than ever, rather than offering accommodation. If the Administration gives in to this pressure, we will lose a chance that may not come again.

American statesmanship faces a severe test. If we pass it, we can rightly anticipate that our leadership will be gratefully received by the whole world. If we do not, the future—which has long been grim and uncertain—will be dark indeed.

The Colonel's Korean 'Turncoats' . . . by John Greenway

HAS COLONEL MAYER got to you on the subject of your degeneracy yet? He will; you won't escape him. By his own estimate he has been speaking twice a week for the last several years to impressionable audiences (while ostensibly on duty as an instructor in the Brooke Army Medical Field Service School, Fort Sam Houston, Texas), but if you have somehow missed the force of his

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glittering eye, you cannot long hope to elude the 600,000 copies of his address — 500,000 printed and 100,000 tape recorded — circling the nation with him in separate orbits, all alleging that the traitorous conduct of our soldiers in the Korean War points up the rottenness of American character, which can be arrested only by cutting away the cancer of soft democracy and toughening up the nation with some good old-fashioned Army — or rather Marine — discipline.

What is most distressing is that you will probably like what he has to say, even though one of the fore-

most civilian authorities on the subject calls it “garbage.” Lieutenant Colonel William Erwin Mayer is an exceptionally convincing man behind the lectern, almost young enough to be President, handsome in a Nordic way, dazzlingly bespangled with medals. But even on tape recordings of his lecture he is charming, persuasive and apparently guileless. Rarely is he effectively challenged by skeptical listeners. Ordinarily his audiences are ready-made for him by the local Birchers, but during one of his recent passes over the Western United States, he spoke at the University of Colorado (singled out by

Barry Goldwater as the only college among 250 of his acquaintance "where the Socialists or whatever you care to call them seem to have the ability to do what they want without censure") and his reception was no different. Fifteen hundred presumably well-informed Americans gave him a thunderous standing ovation for an address in which half-truths, equivocations and false inferences were compounded slickly into a vicious attack upon our national character. When a girl student rose after the talk to point out what she thought was an obvious distortion, this American audience led by this American Army officer crushed her back into her seat with derisive laughter.

But this is part of being an American, and in a way it is our strength. No other great nation is so enthusiastically self-condemnatory, yet when the other peoples of the world take us at our own estimation, we are dismayed that, like Willy Loman, we are not well liked. Our most significant thinkers have been nay-sayers to their culture, few of them recognizing that their democratic heritage gave them not only the cause to censure it, but the permission to do so. The few notable yea-sayers, from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Norman Vincent Peale, have commended our civilization so foolishly that the cynical reader suspects they were really writing satires. None of them has had much influence among the commonality, except perhaps Peale, but he scurried back into celestial regions after his unfortunate terrestrial adventure during the last Presidential campaign.

THIS Colonel Mayer is another matter entirely. He works in muckier terrain. His indictment of our society is accepted uncritically by nearly every layman who is exposed to it — and the exposure is nearly incredible. Not only have more than 600,000 separate copies of his diatribe been sold, but these are endlessly circulated, and their sensational charges are further disseminated by irresponsible mass-circulation magazines. How deeply these noisome tendrils dig into the body politic can be seen in the widely distributed speech of Tennessee Congressman B. Carroll

Reece, "Russia Is Not America's Greatest Danger," which quotes as the "best summary" of the Korean POW scandal some remarks allegedly originating with one Reverend Robert W. Youngs of Scarsdale, New York, but which actually are quotations from Mayer's imaginary interview with an imaginary POW. And Harding College of Searcy, Arkansas, will even provide you with a do-it-yourself "flannelboard speech kit" — for \$29.50 — so that you, too, can deliver Colonel Mayer's address if you are not influential enough to secure the Colonel himself.

If the uncritical reception to Mayer's attack on ourselves, our society and our soldiers is distressing to the few informed observers, the attack itself is nothing less than infuriating. It would not be extreme to say that every conclusion Mayer draws from his Korean observations is either wrong or faulty — but it is the nature of polemics that the charge is ten times stronger than the refutation. Not a single reputable psychologist who has worked with this material agrees with Mayer's interpretations, but this has not in the least deterred him. The closest he has come to being silenced was the temporary muzzling fastened on him last year by the Department of Defense — but he was quickly unleashed (with a promotion) on agreeing to preface each of his addresses with the statement that they expressed his own opinions only. Mayer dutifully makes this apologia, but with such archness that the audience always responds with a knowing roar of approval. And then he trots out the same old battered allegations. In summary, this is what he charges:

The misconduct of the American soldiers in the Korean conflict was so serious that one must conclude that "the men who fought in Korea were a strikingly different group of human beings from those who fought in World War II." For one thing, they inexcusably died in captivity at a rate of 40 per cent — higher than any previously captured American soldiers. These deaths occurred mostly in the Communist indoctrination camps, where the men were not subjected to any physical abuse, and for the simple reason that they failed to keep faith with one another and to

accept a natural line of military authority, substituting for the discipline and obedience which would have saved them, a new and strange reaction called "give-up-itis." Those who did not die made not a single successful attempt to escape, and most acquiesced or collaborated with the enemy. Such well-disciplined groups as the Turks and the U.S. Marines shamed the soldiers by their resistance. Since these Army POWs were "better than average Americans," the inference to be drawn from their misconduct is that the entire nation is suffering a rapid moral decay, attributable to the change of ideology that since the second World War has been inculcated into innocent minds by radical politicians and teachers.

AS Albert D. Biderman, whose extensive refutation of Mayer and his journalistic accomplices, *March to Calumny: The Story of American POWs in the Korean War*, will be published late this year, put it, Mayer's creation is a millipede which grows back legs as fast as one can hack them off. Certainly in view of the negligible effect refutations of these charges have had in the last eight years, it is disheartening even to state them again, and one does so only out of a sense of duty.

The death rate among the POWs was indeed the highest in American military history, but if we exclude the thousand soldiers who were summarily executed by the North Koreans shortly after their capture, the figure drops to 22 per cent, as compared to 33 per cent in the Revolutionary War. In the Confederate prison at Andersonville, 14,000 out of 50,000 prisoners died (28 per cent). And in one of history's most rigidly disciplined armies, the Wehrmacht of the Third Reich, the POWs taken at Stalingrad died at a 94 per cent rate. The American deaths did not occur in the permanent camps, as Mayer alleges, but on the way to the camps, where men, sick with dysentery, malnutrition, frostbite and pneumonia, already badly clothed by the improvident Army, were forced to march without overshoes or coats hundreds of miles in temperatures far below zero under guards eager to kill stragglers or resisters.

The incidence of dysentery was

nearly 100 per cent, and while this disease is funny to persons who have not had it, it is one of the most debilitating and will-shattering of sicknesses. Deaths among North Korean dysentery victims at the 64th U. S. Field Hospital, where treatment was incomparably better than that received by the Americans, was 9 per cent per day for four months.

In point of fact, there were almost no deaths at all in the permanent camps; 99.6 per cent of all American POW deaths occurred before the camps were established. Nor is "give-up-itis" a unique Korean phenomenon, but something that has been reported from every war from which any information beyond the names of the generals is available. In the Civil War, it was called "around the bends"; in the Pacific Theatre of World War II, "bamboo disease."

BEFORE the camps were established, there were 650 escapes. Afterward, the weather was unbearably cold, yet Mayer wanted these sick, easily identified Caucasoids to tunnel through the frozen ground like the POWs in German camps during World War II, to—where? The camps were all on the Yalu River—that is, some 350 miles inside enemy territory, where there was no chance at all for shelter or succor and every chance for capture by the cutthroat North Koreans (against whom, in fact, the Chinese Communists were protecting the Americans). Moreover, Communist propaganda claimed that the UN forces had been entirely driven off the peninsula, so that as far as the Americans knew, there were no friendly lines on the continent. When the weather warmed, truce negotiations had begun at Panmunjom, the indoctrination ceased, and only an insane man would leave the camps for almost certain death when he might be legally freed at any time. Nevertheless, Mayer to the contrary, there were escape attempts!

Mayer's heroic Marines collaborated seriously with the enemy at a rate two and a half times that of the "soft" Army prisoners—who, incidentally, were far from being "better than average Americans"; the young men who were not able to dodge the draft for this unfortunate war had an AGCT median score



(IQ) of 89 and a median education of eight and a half years.

Yet these poorly educated prisoners, badly prepared by their officers for "brainwashing" and worse, stoutly resisted indoctrination. Of more than 4,000 surviving prisoners, only eleven were convicted of misconduct—and not for treason. Of the widely publicized twenty-one American defectors, probably only three or four chose to remain with the Communists for political reasons. Ask Mayer when he speaks to your group how many Communist POWs decided to remain with the decadent Americans; admire the way he talks around the question—and know all the while that the number of Communist defectors, out of 22,000 prisoners, was 15,000.

AS A psychiatrist, Mayer's record is not unduly impressive, despite the opinion of that eminent authority in neuropsychiatry, J. Strom Thurmond, that he is the "most knowledgeable [American] in the field of brainwashing." With the exception of the period November, 1958, to July, 1960, his career as psychiatrist has been in the military. He has had two teaching appointments in civilian schools: he taught psychiatry at the University of California Medical School from May, 1948, to July, 1950, and taught elementary psychology at San Antonio College from February, 1955, to August, 1957.

The military is a strange place for a scientist whose province is the hu-

man mind. The study of individual human behavior absolutely requires a situation of objectivity and complete freedom from authoritarian dogma, and there is no institution other than religion more conservative, rigid and dogmatic than the military. At the Air Force Academy today they are marching cadets up and down in formations that were suicidal in the eighteenth century and giving them swords to hang by their sides, though it must be apparent to the commandant that in modern air combat a pilot could not get an effective swipe at any enemy with a saber.

AS A MATTER of fact, this whole Korean POW fiasco can be directly traced to the Army's inflexibility in interpreting psychological data. At the end of World War II, an avalanche of evidence from all the warring nations led to the inescapable prediction that the next war would find prisoners subjected to psychological coercion of almost magical effectiveness, and the Army prepared to deal with the difficult and embarrassing problem of deterring the brains of enormous numbers of brainwashed soldiers. When the first exchange of presumably sick and wounded Korean War prisoners was made in "Operation Little Switch" early in 1953, quick interviews disclosed that many of the 149 returned Americans had indeed been infected with a slight case of communism. What was not immediately noticed was the incongruously good physical condition of the collaborators, and before the Army realized that it was the victim of a Communist ploy, it had committed itself so inextricably with blunders like the Valley Forge incident that it became a matter of smearing the Army or smearing the POWs. This is where Mayer came in—and so the Korean conflict became the first war in American history where atrocities upon prisoners were blamed on the prisoners themselves and not on the enemy.

Of course, the better solution to the dilemma—and the one that eventually will have to be made—was to acknowledge that with present-day psychological methods anyone can be broken, anyone can be made to confess to anything, from

The NATION

admission of failure to keep the latrine clean to dropping germ bombs. If this fact could be firmly implanted in the minds not only of Americans but of our enemies as well, then physical torture and psychological brainwashing would not be worth any nation's effort. But the Army still has not learned this; it is still confused. Its attitude toward Mayer is like that of the conscientious Puritan at the Salem witch-hanging who deplored Cotton Mather's methods but had to admit that, after all, he was firmly against the Devil.

ONE outstanding psychologist who knew Mayer in Korea said that the young officer, unduly impressed by the first collaborative prisoners he saw, soon became an easy captive of pressure groups who needed a fine-looking, eloquent military man to front for them. The first of his captors were, of course, the embarrassed Intelligence investigators. The sec-

ond, which saddled him firmly upon the tiger from which he can never dismount, was the old-line, hard-core Army cadre which bitterly resented and resisted General Doolittle's efforts to make the Army a fighting force of democratic citizens who had to be treated with the respect owed to dignified, intelligent people. Now Mayer rides on in all directions, encouraged by whatever group needs him for a night's work.

His most widely distributed speech on Communist infiltration is lavish with praise for his host and publisher, Dr. George Stuart Benson, a former Fundamentalist missionary to China and now president of Harding College, who believes neither in integration nor evolution. Harding College was a small, unaccredited, Bible school of two buildings and two hundred students which carried its battle against the twentieth century only as far as assaulting Darwinism until Alfred P. Sloan, late president of

General Motors, primed its pump with a \$300,000 contribution. Now it has an endowment of more than \$6,000,000 (nearly all from industrial donors), an annual budget of \$200,000, officers like Brigadier General William P. Campbell, orators like Mayer, and far more important things to attack than Darwinism.

The strangest of the disseminators of Mayer's oratory is the Bell Telephone System, whose gigantic size and command of communications media make it a significant force in mass communications. A spot check of Bell System offices around the nation reveals that although there seems to be no formal directive from above in the matter, the happy cooperativeness of Bell public-relations officials extends in many places to making Mayer's tape recording available to borrowers. Joining Bell and Harding College are myriad other sponsors; notice who sponsors Mayer when he descends upon *your* city.

THE THIRSTY AUTOMOBILE . . . by *Ralph Lee Smith*

IN 1957, following heavy criticism by safety officials of the emphasis placed on speed and power in automobile advertising, members of the Automobile Manufacturers Association unanimously resolved to ban the use of these themes. In June of this year, the Ford Motor Company notified the association that it would no longer abide by the agreement. "As time went on," Ford wrote the association, "some passenger-car divisions, including our own, interpreted the resolution somewhat freely. This erosion of the principle involved continued and the net result was an increasing emphasis by passenger-car divisions on speed, horsepower and racing." By now, said Ford, the resolution has "neither purpose nor effect."

Immediately after Ford's letter,

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November 10, 1962

Chrysler issued a statement also repudiating the agreement. Representative Kenneth A. Roberts (D., Ala.), chairman of a House Commerce subcommittee on health and safety, called Ford's and Chrysler's move "a horrible decision," but the firms were not deterred.

A few days later the industry announced that the 1963 models would no longer emphasize economy, the theme that had produced the original compacts and had played an important role in advertising for several years. Cars would become longer, "chromier" and more powerful, and advertising emphasis would be shifted accordingly. Even compacts would become bigger and brassier. "It costs only \$1.25 an inch to stretch out the rear overhang," a top auto executive explained in describing the extra length of the new cars. This should come as interesting information to urban car users and city traffic officials who have to deal with the problems that the \$1.25-per-inch overhang creates.

Detroit firmly believes that people

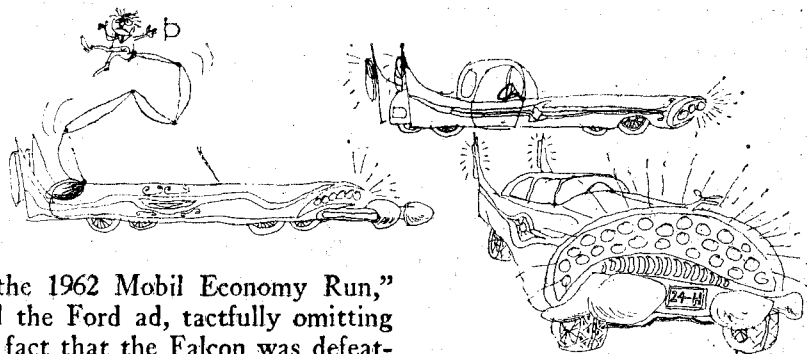
want bigger cars. "The illusions that stylists create adding four inches . . . gives us a yard-long advantage in sales," says the same plain-talking executive. It is not clear whether or not the industry's belief in the nation's hunger for mechanical dinosaurs is based on the same kind of intensive market research that prompted Ford to launch the ill-fated Edsel. In any case, the family that wants the convenience and economy of a good, modestly sized car is about to be sacrificed to the auto makers' certainty about the sales appeal of Detroit-created "illusions."

Actually, performance claims for cars have long made it hard for the car buyer to know what he is really getting. For example, in April, 1961, in a Federal Trade Commission stipulation, Ford agreed to stop claiming that its Falcon pickup trucks delivered as much as 38.3 miles per gallon or averaged 30.5 miles per gallon in "certified tests." According to the stipulation, the Falcon pickup did not deliver 38.3 miles per gallon under normal driving conditions, but

only on a flat country road at a constant speed of 30 miles per hour with no starts or stops. Nor did it average 30.5 miles per gallon under actual traffic conditions, as advertised, but in "simulated traffic conditions" with a predetermined schedule of starts and stops. "Purchasers of Falcon automobiles," the stipulation says, "do not generally attain the claimed mileage under ordinary driving conditions."

One long-suffering car buyer in New Orleans finally gave battle and won a victory to gladden the hearts of many of his colleagues throughout the country. Reading a newspaper ad that described American Motors' Rambler as a 32-mile-per-gallon performer, he went out and bought one. The car did not deliver 32 miles per gallon. Instead of sitting back and fuming helplessly, this buyer got a lawyer and went to court, suing American Motors for breach of an implied warranty. The company's defense was that the 32-mile-per-gallon claim, as advertised, pertained only to the performance of one Rambler on one occasion. The judge dismissed the argument, pointing out that the ad was obviously intended to present a blanket claim. The buyer won his case and got a full refund, plus \$500 for the annoyance he encountered and \$500 in attorney's fees. If a few more dissatisfied customers hailed auto companies into court on gas-mileage and performance claims, honesty might suddenly reign in this area.

AUTO companies often use the results of "test runs" to convince buyers of the superiority of their product. Among these is the Mobilgas Economy Run. Actually, this "competition" is set up in such a way that nearly every contestant earns the chance to make some kind of claim in behalf of one or another of his entries. Cars are divided into eight classes, with entries competing only in their own class. In the 1962 run, the winners were a Rambler, a Corvair, a Tempest, a Valiant, a standard-size Plymouth, a V-8 Chevrolet, a medium-priced Pontiac and a high-priced Chrysler. "FLASH!" said American Motors, "Rambler Wins Class A!" "A Ford Falcon yesterday scored 30.5 miles per gallon



in the 1962 Mobil Economy Run," said the Ford ad, tactfully omitting the fact that the Falcon was defeated in the run by the Rambler. Another loser, Buick, ran ads with immense headlines, "V-8 BUICK SPECIAL RACKS UP 23.68 M. P. G., Gives Class D 6's a Scare in Mobil Economy Run."

Actually, the results usually have little genuine meaning to car buyers, since the differences in performance tend to be negligible. In 1960, Chrysler Corporation agreed in a stipulation with the Federal Trade Commission to stop claiming that its Valiant had obtained "substantially greater" gas mileage than "the other two new compacts" in the Mobilgas Economy Run. Actually, said the FTC, the difference between the Valiant and its nearest competitor was only .27 of a mile per gallon.

THE MOTORIST encounters more problems in trying to decide what fuel to use. The confusion in this field works to the advantage of many large oil companies, who use a bewildering variety of vague adjectives to describe their different grades of gas, but who withhold from the motorist the actual octane rating of each grade.

Twenty-six years ago, in the first issue of *Consumer Reports*, Consumers Union stated: "The average automobile owner wastes two or three cents every time he buys a gallon of gasoline because the gasoline industry forces him to pay for a high anti-knock quality which his engine does not need." In its August, 1962, issue *Consumer Reports* says: "The big difference between then and now is the depressing fact that the problem of matching gasoline to car has become more burdensome. Instead of two or three cents a gallon, the waste today can be four to six cents a gallon or even more."

Octane ratings for various passenger-car fuels run from about 89 to

about 102. Without revealing the rating, gasoline manufacturers describe their various grades by such terms as super-premium, premium, sub-premium, economy premium, medium regular, high-quality regular, plain regular and economy regular. Through ads such as that for Esso, the consumer is strongly urged to buy the higher-priced premium fuels: "Every car now on the road . . . will be able to deliver [its] absolute maximum in power and efficiency through continued use of . . . *New Esso Extra*." The fact is that more than four-fifths of cars now on the road probably require an octane rating of no more than 94; and about half of them, no more than 90. "A rational demand for gasoline," says Consumers Union, "would be reflected in sales of about 20 per cent of the total for high-octane fuel and 80 per cent for the lower range. But the sale of premiums for private passenger-car use comes closer to 40 per cent of total retail sales of gasoline, and in some areas the amount of premium bought is reported to be 50 per cent or even more."

WHEN it comes to auto accessories, things aren't much better for the car owner. In the tire industry, for example, a leading problem has been the use of brand names that conceal the true quality of the product offered. "Super deluxe" and similar terms have been used freely by the industry to describe second- and third-line tires. In 1959, the Federal Trade Commission proceeded against Lee Tire and Rubber Corporation in a complaint charging that the firm had changed its "advance super deluxe" from a first-line to a second-line tire, and its "regular deluxe" from a second-line to a third-line tire, without revealing this fact in its ads.

The NATION

In a consent order issued in 1960, the firm agreed not to reduce the quality of its products without changing the brand name, unless the change was clearly disclosed in its ads. The FTC's complaint also charged that Lee's ads implied that the "advance super deluxe" tire was of the same quality as the firm's premium item, the "ultra deluxe." This was prohibited by the order.

In the meantime the commission's staff study of the industry indicated that fictitious pricing of tires by manufacturers and misleading claims regarding guarantee adjustments were widespread. In August, 1960, FTC sent a letter to industry members on this subject, bringing about some improvement. In March, 1961, it sent out a second letter, noting the improvement but seeking information from the firms on the abuses that had not yet been eliminated. Complaints regarding improper advertising of guarantees, said the commission, had actually increased since the writing of the first letter.

While trying to protect customers from these abuses, FTC has been investigating another aspect of the rubber industry's treatment of car owners. On January 11, 1962, it announced that it had entered into a consent order with the Rubber Tire Manufacturers Association, the Tire and Rim Association and fourteen tire manufacturers, who together ac-

count for "substantially all of the industry's domestic production." The firms—Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber and Goodrich (the so-called "Big Four"), plus General, Armstrong, Cooper, Dunlop, Gates, Lee, Mansfield, McCreary, Mohawk and Seiberling—were all accused of price fixing. The FTC found that the Big Four had conspired among themselves to quote identical or substantially matched prices to all customers regardless of location, and they had conspired with the "minor" firms to set prices that would differ from those of the Big Four by agreed-upon amounts.

The firms, it was found, had also agreed upon identical, or substantially uniform, customer classifications, list prices, discounts, bonuses, allowances and all other factors affecting the price paid by the consumer. They had exchanged confidential information concerning price quotations and selling terms and had used the two trade associations to expedite the conspiracy. Thus, in many cases while misleading the consumer through advertising, the firms were simultaneously controlling the price that car owners had to pay.

In the auto-battery field, things have also been bleak. In 1959, no fewer than twenty-nine major oil, tire and mail-order firms signed stipulations with FTC agreeing to discontinue misrepresenting battery

guarantees to car owners. Looking into the wilderness of abuse, FTC found that the firms, in their ads, were misleading buyers into thinking that their batteries were guaranteed unconditionally, when actually the fine print revealed that the coverage had important limitations. The principal limitation was the fact that the value of the guarantee was reduced each month after the battery had been sold (a fact which the firms omitted from their ads). FTC cited such typical advertising claims as: "50-Month Guarantee"; "Fully Guaranteed"; "Guarantee Honored Wherever You Go"; "Backed by Life-Long Warranty"; "Full Three-Year Guarantee"; "Guaranteed in Writing for Four Full Years." Goodyear, General Motors, Gulf, Firestone, Goodrich, Dunlop, Electric Auto-Lite, Esso Standard Oil, Electric Storage Battery Company, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and U.S. Rubber were among the firms against which FTC took action in its cleanup.

Despite such government steps, however, the auto industry's abandonment of its "speed and horsepower" resolution and decision to increase model lengths, and the continuance by many oil companies of secrecy about the actual octane ratings of their fuels, indicate that the car buyer is still a man who badly needs friends.

SEARCH FOR A NEW IDENTITY

THE LOST ENGLISHMAN . . . by W. J. Weatherby

BEING an Englishman can be hard work in the United States because so many Americans have a rigid view of what you should be. If you don't brandish an Old School tie like a flag and talk about the Old Country in a prissy accent, you can have a tough time even establishing your identity. And you can't blame anybody because there are any number of professional Englishmen in the

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November 10, 1962

United States whose behavior seems to justify this view. In many cases, they earn their living by justifying it. But they are as foreign to me as they are to most Americans—and far less attractive. They are the kind of Englishmen I leave home to escape, the kind who gave Britain a phony identity for generations and who still delay the search for a true one.

Most Americans, nursing all these upper-class illusions about Britain, seldom realize to what extent the Englishman of my class and genera-

tion is now struggling to find himself—his real identity.

That is why, however sick-making it can be in the North to have a phony identity thrust upon you, an identity you hate, it is nothing to the shock you feel in the Deep South, where you seem to be looking into a glass darkly at a reflection of your own predicament. I write "you," employing the old trick of involving the reader, but I really mean that in the white Southerner's lost identity is reflected my own. His system, his values, his whole society

are cracking up and he stares into an abyss wondering what he can salvage. It has been much the same in my thirty years in Britain: the society I grew up in has vanished and what we took for granted is no longer acceptable.

In place of the segregation that upheld the white Southerner and which he is now losing, substitute a rigid class system with a colonial background. Most Englishmen suffered under this system and they have profited from its defeat, but it had one advantage for both the privileged and the underprivileged—they never had any doubts about who they were. As a boy, I was rock-certain of my identity—I was a member of the working class in England and an Englishman abroad. And by "Englishman" abroad, I meant a proud carrier of the white man's burden, a son of the Empire, as I had been brainwashed to believe at school.

The fact is, it still amazes me to what extent the oppressed classes in England, who profited nothing from the Empire, learned to have pride in it, whereas they really had much more in common with the exploited natives. (You can even draw a nice comparison between the work of the churches in the slums and the missionaries' work in the colonies.) When an African tries to brand me as a colonialist, I react violently not out of guilt so much as out of loyalty to one's ancestors and their suffering. But the African is right to the extent that our brainwashing did lead us, the poorest of us, to feel an Empire superiority and thus gain a profitable identity.

BUT that is all over now. By overturning the system, the working class won a chance to share the opportunities; and the colonies, as symbols, were shattered. But with their loss, we have lost the identities they gave us. We are face to face with ourselves now and we don't know who we are. To understand it, imagine the Negro fully emancipated in the South: he too would have a tough time discovering who he is under the phony racial identity the white man has made him live with for so long. But that is a long time off. Now we can only envy the Negro in his sureness

and see ourselves in the white Southerner.

Just as the white Southerner riots over integration to save himself from facing up to his loss of identity—that phony identity slavery gave him—so, too, much of British politics today represents a refusal to face what we are. Or what we have become. And this is not only in the remnants of the upper classes whose mainspring—a superiority complex based on birth—has been lost for good. The 1945-51 Labour government, which represented a bloodless revolution unappreciated in the United States, petered out into trivial political maneuverings and eventually the Labour Party refused to face even its own identity. The Depression had shaped the British Socialist as much as the Empire had shaped the Briton in general, and when the post-Depression ills were cured, the Socialist no more knew who he was than the ordinary Briton did when he no longer ruled the waves. So the Labour Party withdrew into the wilderness to contemplate its navel. In its place came a series of Conservative governments pretending that Britain was merely undergoing a superficial period of adjustment, and they cleverly operated as if the old phony identity still meant something. No need to worry about who you are, it's only a face-lift to make you even more powerful—this was the sum of the election campaigns which brought them power.

MANY Britons—like many segregationists—were only too willing to swallow that and duck the anguish of trying to discover a true national identity, particularly as the cold war made any form of self-doubts seem undesirable and there was so little help from where it might have been expected—the Labour Party. Weakened by its internal strife and the bad name the Communist betrayal gave the whole of the Left, the Labour Party had not enough prestige to question the Conservatives' phony security successfully and lapsed more and more into schizophrenia. It became in effect much too true a reflection of the country ever to win its support.

This was an extraordinary transformation because the Socialist move-

ment in Britain had always been solidly rooted and sure of itself. Its ideas and political thinking generally had sprung naturally from its experience—its experience of social injustice, backed by a strong religious nonconformist conscience. But in the last twenty years not only have the immediate economic and social problems it arose to solve been either solved or shelved, but its character has changed. The new generation of Socialists has neither the experience nor the old religious feeling: its impetus is largely intellectual, and as George Orwell long ago pointed out, that just isn't enough. And with this transformation has grown up a public disillusionment with politics. The two in fact are probably linked.

More and more in Britain—and I hear it increasingly in the United States—people say they vote now for the man rather than the party. They look for character rather than creed because they have become disillusioned by the political maneuverings with which the politicians try to cling to power. Britain has not even had an Adlai Stevenson, who gave so many Americans back their faith in politics. Instead, the Labour Party has displayed a petty struggle of personalities, while the Conservative government has been increasingly taken over by smooth Organization Men—the kind of Englishmen Americans recognize at once. If we look for our identity among any of these, we look in vain—or hope we do.

THIS disillusionment with politics is particularly dangerous at a time when television is making personality more than ever important in national electioneering. If people are no longer willing to examine policy but look merely to the person—appearance rather than reality—they risk being hoodwinked by someone who is a master of projecting an image of public virtue. This disillusionment, in fact, is another example of our attempt to avoid self-recognition, to avoid reality; and yet, in spite of all, most people, I think, still look to politics to come up with the answer. This explains the success of the Liberal Party in spite of its vague policy and often unsatisfactory candidates: many people

The NATION

turned to it as the only possible alternative to the Conservative and Labour parties.

At one time, it was hoped that the group known as the New Left would transform the Labour Party, but it has proved to be an ineffectual influence. *The Spectator*, which these days is more Right than Left and therefore had no love for it, recently published an article entitled "The Late New Left," and not many on the Left bothered to argue with that verdict. But it was rather like publishing the obituary of The Angry Young Man: you were lamenting something that hardly existed. The New Left at best was a catch phrase for some of the younger, more articulate Socialists who never amounted to a new movement and hardly touched the country at all, as most of their ideas sprang from no generally shared experience but merely from the egghead vacuum in which so many young British Socialists now live.

Arnold Wesker, the left-wing dramatist, who has complained that the arts are an upper class preoccupation in Britain, has seemed a symbolic figure in his attempts to take the arts to the country, for socialism quite as much as the arts seems to have lost touch with people's experience. Too many Socialists now are looking round simply for a gimmick to beat the Conservatives at their own game and they fail to appreciate the general disgust with political gimmicks, the longing for the old idealism, the old security. They have tried old-age pensions as an issue, the brainwashing of the mass media (or at least commercial television), and they are now brooding over the meaning of the Common Market. But they have yet to find an all-embracing issue such as there was in the Depression. That is why so many of the younger Socialists immersed themselves with every appearance of escapism in the campaign for nuclear disarmament.

IT WAS a new, all-embracing cause with much of the religious fervor of the old socialism, and its loose aims were comfortingly far from home and did not raise any awkward questions. There had clearly come a time when it was easier to be carried off to

jail as a unilateralist than to discover what it means to be an Englishman. The campaign of course has never won the support of the people it needed—the ordinary voters—and it has disillusioned many of its supporters by internal bickering that seemed to be straight out of the Labour Party's book. And, in a sense, the campaign couldn't mean much to the Briton because the old phony identity cast him as a jingo and he could not consider a pacifist policy objectively until he discovered his new identity.

THE Suez disaster was really the last gasp of the old jingoism; and the New Left, which arose in protest against Suez, might have been expected to perform the inquest and tell us what we are sans Empire, sans class, sans illusion. But the New Left never got near to the answers. It began among students, expanded and launched the *New Left Review*. The Marxist element grew, the usual doctrinal feuds began, and that really was that. It was really no more than yet another splinter group within the Socialist camp; and like the others, was more notable for what it was against than for any positive contribution towards adapting socialism to the fickle British economy. And we—the old followers seeking new guidance—we listened to their talk about class and capitalism and nuclear disarmament, and so little seemed to be of help to us now. It seemed to be aimed at the people we once used to be or thought we were. How could we know where we should go if we did not know who we were? Like the intellectuals Orwell derided, they were putting the cart before the horse.

Finding the politicians out of date, some people looked to the writers for help. Surely they owed it to us to produce an English Thomas Wolfe to show our self-quest reflected in his. But the younger contemporary writers were preoccupied with the surface changes—the class breakdown, the wane of religious influence, the rat race—or with an impotent anger. Like the rest of us, they seemed to be saying ideals are dead, let's look after ourselves—whoever we are.

This failure to find much help in

defining the new Britain explained much of the postwar emigration. It wasn't austerity living after all those grim years of war that drove people away as much as a feeling of drifting in the dark. Many of them went abroad in search of a purpose, an identity, somewhere else. For me, this meant the United States. My generation had already been so influenced by it—through films, books and finally by Americans themselves during the Second World War—that it seemed the natural place to go to find oneself, just as many Americans retraced their ancestors' steps to Europe to discover what it means to be an American.

I HAVE lived in the North and the South as the only Englishman in the community, sometimes the only white man, and in this isolation have been driven to see myself as I could never be driven in Britain. It has not been a pleasant experience discarding the last shreds of that phony identity, the protective resentments of the old working-class boy that could comfort me at home for any failure, just as the Negro's bitterness can comfort him. And coming up naked but buoyant in the American society, I have been able to recognize the phony identity so many Americans are trying to give themselves; and if you ask my reason for loving the United States, it is simply that it is struggling so violently to reject this phony identity—struggling far more violently than we did. But in a sense you have us to thank for it, because so many people who are doing the fighting came from Europe—or their ancestors did—to escape their phony identity there and find a true one in this country.

And so in the United States I feel my European-ness more than I have ever done at home, and perhaps that is my true discovery: that no Englishman can now be an island, but is part of the main. For myself, I wish that main could be the United States, but I suspect it is Europe and that the politicians are betraying us yet again by refusing to hold an election, a self-examination, over our entry into the Common Market. We don't want to have another phony identity thrust on us.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The World of Henry James

HENRY JAMES. Vol. II: *The Conquest of London. 1870-1881.* 465 pp. Vol. III: *The Middle Years, 1882-1895.* 408 pp. By Leon Edel. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$8.50 ea., \$16 set.

Newton Arvin

WITH THE appearance of the second and third volumes of Leon Edel's life of James, and with a fourth volume promised, it becomes clear that Henry James is here being made the subject of a biography on a more "monumental" scale than has been attempted for any other American writer, even Mark Twain — on a scale which suggests some life of Washington or Robert E. Lee rather than of Emerson or Hawthorne. There is an irony in this, as Mr. Edel recognizes, since James himself was skeptical about the value to criticism of biographical revelations. Even so, in his critical essays he was sometimes frankly a portrait painter as well as an analyst; and the author of a two-volume life of William Wetmore Story, a poet as well as a sculptor, can hardly protest, from beyond the veil, against the lavishness and the massiveness with which he himself is treated by Mr. Edel. One can only wish that some other American writers might be served so richly and with such sympathetic insight; if James deserves such handling, so do others.

The first volume of this work, which appeared almost ten years ago (*Henry James: The Untried Years*), brought the account of James's early life down to the point, in 1870, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he was about to return to the United States from his first adult sojourn in Europe, and when he had still not answered in his own mind the question whether his lines ought to be cast abroad or in his native land. The present two volumes continue the narrative through the short period of James's uncertainty, in Cambridge and New York, the second expedition to Europe, the final decision to commit himself to expatriation (at least of a kind), the long and productive years

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in London, and at last the period of James's incursion into the world of the theatre and his frustration as a writer of plays. At the end of Mr. Edel's third volume, which carries the story down to the year 1895, James, in his early fifties, has already become the "Master" of legend and anecdote, surrounded by young admirers but, in his own eyes, relegated by the "reading public" to the humiliating perfect tense. The fourth volume will presumably tell the tale of James's last twenty years.

IN THE purely biographical sense, nothing could well exceed the care and the patience with which Mr. Edel has accumulated, over many years, the immense materials for his portrait, or, on the whole, the taste, the imaginative-ness, the narrative sense with which he has disposed them. This work is not for a moment to be classified along with those flat-footed — and usually slow-paced — literary biographies which put the royalty statement and the railway timetable on the same level with the genuinely revealing and illuminative. Mr. Edel has read hundreds of letters by James and his correspondents; he has talked with surviving relatives and friends; he has nosed out such documents as the unpublished "Journal of a Residence in London" by one William Jones Hoppin, First Secretary of the American Legation in London during the seventies and eighties, who saw a good deal of James and made a record of some of their encounters. Yet, heavy as this burden of documentation is, Mr. Edel never, or very seldom, bends under it. His own literary skills — his feeling for story, his sense of type, and the like — are almost always adequate to the task of composition and the sustaining of interest. He has, moreover, a conception of his sitter that is both sensitive and well-defined, and is by no means merely the inherited one.

He has, as a good biographer should have, some of the talents of an archaeologist and a paleontologist, and in one case he has excavated, and pieced together out of shattered and scattered fragments, the evidence of a long, close and vital intimacy in James's life that has not hitherto been suspected — his friendship with the slightly older Amer-

ican woman novelist, Constance Fenimore Woolson. The story of this relationship, which Mr. Edel has assembled convincingly out of hints and surmises, is itself an intensely characteristic James novella, and indeed it literally became one, for James almost certainly came to feel that he had been as selfish and as uncomprehending, with Constance Woolson, as his imagined John Marcher had been with his female friend in "The Beast in the Jungle." The idea of this story, startlingly enough, is to be found in one of Constance Woolson's own literary notebooks, which it is almost certain that James examined after her tragic suicide in Venice. One can hardly doubt that this friendship was "a virtuous attachment," but it clearly played a cardinal role, at the time, in James's emotional life.

IN GENERAL, does a biographical work so vast as this justify itself, not only by its intrinsic interest, but by the enhanced and deepened understanding it may make possible of a writer's independent *oeuvre*? The question stirs up the whole vexed subject of the biographical method in its relation to literary criticism, and can hardly be dealt with here, except by the remark that you never can tell, and that *any* knowledge, however "extrinsic," may unexpectedly prove to be enlightening in any one of many direct and indirect ways, usually the latter. Mr. Edel, as is well known, is convinced that biographical knowledge has a constant and direct value to the literary critic, and his principal concern with James's fiction, in these volumes, is to discover the traces in it of James's own experiences and even his own personality. Theoretically this is a valid enough procedure in a work that is primarily biographical, but I think that Mr. Edel is sometimes betrayed, by his eagerness to come upon such parallels, into the discovery of connections that are very doubtful indeed.

Surely the relationship, for example, between Rowland Mallett and Roderick Hudson, in James's first novel, is not really much clarified by seeing in it a reflection of James's relationship with his brother William; and surely the predicament of poor Catherine Sloper, in *Washington Square*, is obscured rather than illuminated by suggesting that it parallels James's own predicament as

the misunderstood younger brother of the same William. One rebels against the view that, in *The Princess Casamassima*, James identifies himself with the orphaned Hyacinth Robinson partly because he himself, at the age of over forty, had recently lost both his aged parents, or that the sinister anarchist Hoffendahl is a father-figure comparable to the benevolent elder Henry James. These are fanciful and not at all helpful associations of fact and fiction. On the other hand, Mr. Edel frequently suggests connections that are perfectly plausible, such as that between Elena Lowe and the fictional Christina Light or that between Rose

Muniment, in *The Princess*, and James's invalid sister Alice.

The deeper interest of this biography, however, does not lie in these direct and explicit relationships between life and art, but in the refined and enriched awareness it makes possible of the whole many-sided context—personal, familial, social, historical — out of which the imaginative world of James's fiction slowly and fully emerged. In his feeling for that context, except perhaps for its New England aspects, Mr. Edel is almost always perspicacious. He has a great story to tell, and it is a measure of his success that he rarely falls short of its exacting demands.

to make it easier for the Soviet people to realize the tasks which stand before them in the creation of communism.

In a letter to Mr. Kruglak, the same man went a step further. "We proceed," he said, "from the assumption that the purpose of world news must be to help strengthen peace among nations, consolidate universal security, develop friendly contacts between states . . . [and] ensure the sovereignty and national independence of the peoples."

By its own definition, thus, the prime function of Tass is not to inform but to influence. Inevitably, its product is less news than propaganda. In the fashioning of this product, Tass editors may resort to distortion, selective or incomplete reporting and reliance on tainted sources. These devices are not unfamiliar to our own agencies (as witness our coverage of Cuba or China). But in the West there is at least access to alternate news sources; there is no such corrective for the *general reader* in most of the territory served by Tass. I emphasize the words "general reader" because Tass also turns out a detailed and reasonably objective file for a select circle of Soviet policy-makers and high officials. This file is as thorough as *The New York Times*, and, as Mr. Kruglak shows, often heavily relies on the *Times* for its content. If this special file proves anything, it is that Tass *could* provide the Russian public with a reasonably true picture of the world if it were ever told to do so by the governors of the land.

BUT if this were all that was said about Tass, the image would be one-dimensional. Fortunately, Mr. Kruglak (who was once vice president of Long Island University and now heads an American school in Switzerland) provides the missing dimensions.

He notes, for instance, the emergence of a corps of newspaper men trained in schools of journalism. (Premier Khrushchev's daughter and her famous husband, Alexei Adzhubei, who edits *Izvestia*, are both products of the Moscow school.) These are competent, sophisticated, and, now and then, world-wise. As they begin to reach the top levels of Soviet newspaperdom, it too—like so many other institutions in the land — is likely to be greatly modified. Complete objectivity cannot be expected, but at least the "agitation-by-facts" formula may be revised to provide less agitation and more facts.

If Tass was frequently used in the

The Evolution of Tass

THE TWO FACES OF TASS. By Theodore E. Kruglak. University of Minnesota Press. 263 pp. \$5.

Mark Gayn

WITH ITS vast resources, its global clientele and its huge staff, Tass ranks among the giants in the business of news gathering and distribution. Its credit line will be found in newspapers in Tokyo and Addis Ababa, in Havana, Djakarta and Rangoon. In Africa it may have more bureaus than the Associated Press. Its technical equipment is often more sophisticated than that used by some of the Western agencies.

Yet Tass — the Telegraphic Agency of the Soviet Union — remains largely a mystery. Unlike their counterparts in the West, Tass men do not rush to their typewriters to chronicle their own acts of derring-do. Soviet professional magazines do not delve into the inner workings of Tass; Hollywood-on-the-Moskva releases no films on its operations; inquiries from the outside yield only meager replies. Not surprisingly, therefore, the West is ignorant of Tass — and profoundly suspicious. Is it a genuine news agency, such as Reuters or the United Press (whose men helped Tass, in its infant days, to organize its operations)? Is it (as former Senator Benton put it) "the official liar of the Soviet government"? Or is it (as the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee suggests) an arm of Soviet espionage?

In seeking the answers, Mr. Kruglak has shown considerable enterprise. His sources range from conversations with Americans who once worked for Tass to

the daily news file of its bureau in New York and to a textbook written by a former Tass head. The resulting report is informative, fair, even-toned — and thoroughly inconclusive.

THE FAULT is not Mr. Kruglak's. It lies largely in the nature of the Soviet system and its definition of what is news. In the West, the agencies pride themselves (if often without justification) on their independence. Tass does not even bother to pretend. It is an official appendix of the Soviet Government, attached directly to the Cabinet. It has deep roots in Soviet hierarchy; its correspondents often carry diplomatic passports; its officials may be shifted to the diplomatic service — or to Intelligence. Thus, the lines that separate the journalist, the diplomat and the spy are often blurred.

An equally basic difference lies in the treatment of news. In my student days at a school of journalism, I was supplied with a full set of definitions and fetishes. News was "what would interest the tailor across the street." News had to be complete and "objective." Some of these definitions soon proved to be absurd, but others endured. Tass has now advanced to the point where it demands of its correspondents the standard Who, When, Where and How — and promptly — and tells them to leave the editorial Why for later. But its definition of news is not ours. In a lecture to tomorrow's journalists, the head of Tass gave this explanation of what constitutes news:

Information is agitation by facts. . . . The object of information must be selected facts and events which serve

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November 10, 1962

past as a cover for Soviet espionage, Mr. Kruglak suggests there is little evidence of its being so used at present. The Russian correspondent in North America may still search primarily for facts to fit the dogma, but in many ways it is already hard to tell him apart from his American colleague. And, whatever their ideological differences, Tass and the Western news agencies have been able to work hand-in-hand. Such "co-existence," Mr. Kruglak suggests, could well play an important role in narrowing the gap that divides East and West.

A definitive work about Tass can be written only by a Russian who served

in it. But until that moment comes, Mr. Kruglak's book will remain useful. Unhappily, it is marred by typographical errors, including even the Russian name of Tass itself. This reviewer would also have desired a closer analysis of the Tass material that appears in the Moscow and provincial newspapers. But these are minor reservations. What strikes the reader more is the fascinating picture of Tass's history and operations, and the author's own tones of fairness and moderation. The book should prove interesting not only to students of journalism and practicing newspaper men but also to the general reader curious about Soviet ways.

The Tide Comes In

BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN. By Charles Reznikoff. New Directions-San Francisco Review. 114 pp. \$1.50 paper.

THE MATERIALS. By George Oppen. New Directions-San Francisco Review. 53 pp. \$1.25 paper.

Hayden Carruth

TO EARN a little money badly needed, I had been reviewing lately as industriously as I could, sometimes three or four books a week, until I was sick and tired of them, oppressed by them, angry to think that such a paper-borne flood of vanity and abstraction could swamp me like a foundered scow and seem to carry away the world with it. When I picked up Charles Reznikoff's book, I did so with reluctance. But fortunately I opened in the middle, began reading the poems at random, and didn't run onto C. P. Snow's introduction until later.

I was captivated, enthralled, swept away — what *is* the word? Delighted, awed, roused. Really, I said, this is absurd, this is what happens to adolescents and young men in college, not to me; I have been writing, editing and reviewing books for almost twenty years. Nevertheless, there it is: I cannot exaggerate the degree of my enthusiasm for this book.

Who is Charles Reznikoff? I had never read his poems, though I had heard his name. He was a member of the Objectiv-

HAYDEN CARRUTH is a poet whose most recent collections are The Crow and the Heart (Macmillan) and Journey to a Known Place (New Directions).

ist group thirty years ago, but had published little since 1940. He is older than I; the earliest copyright date in his book is 1918, three years before I was born. He speaks to me of a New York I know chiefly from my father and grandfather, a city of horse-drawn trucks, sea smells, the early subways and elevated trains, tenements still lit by gaslight, unremoved snow and ice in winter, men wearing eye shades, suspenders, sleeve garters, and shiny collars. This New York is so deeply known in these poems that you could not take it out without the whole collapsing. Hence it is difficult to find excerpts:

The snow fills up the footprints
in the streets, the ruts of wagon and
of motor trucks.

Except for the whirl of the car
brushing the tracks clear of snow,
the streets are hushed . . .

About an excavation
a flock of bright red lanterns
has settled . . .

After I had worked all day at what I
earn my living,

I was tired. Now my own work has
lost another day,

I thought, but began slowly,
and slowly my strength came back
to me.

Surely, the tide comes in twice a day.

This quality of being brought from another time is not in the pictures alone, but in the voice. From the best years of Pound and Williams; but original, a strong voice with no intonation but its own. It comes across the years straight from the great days, with

the freshness one gets when one opens the Imagist anthology, for instance, after reading a batch of current little magazines. Who would have thought that anyone of our century could write about the passage of time in terms of clockwork without sounding infamously trite? Listen:

Now the plague of watches and of
clocks nicks away
the day —
ten thousand thousand steps
tread upon the dawn . . .

The clocks
drip
in every room —
our lives are leaking from the places,
and the day's brightness dwindles
into stars . . .

The clock strikes:
these are the steps of our departure . . .

My hair was caught in the wheels
of a clock
and torn from my head: see, I am
bald!

No one else writes like this; this is the strength of very nearly total originality. There must be thousands of young poets operating in the Pound-Williams tradition today, and you never catch them when their voice isn't breathless with the knowledge that they have written something so godawful beautiful it has to be recited in a hush. How did femininity get into a style which began with such strength? Is it a necessary correlative of imitation? (I don't mean the best, of course, but you can count them on three fingers.)

Reznikoff's voice comes to me from a still farther distance than old New York, however, for he is as deep in his Jewishness as I in my Yankeeism; yet he informs me of Jewishness with a kind of resonant clarity that no other Jewish writer has approached. In these poems are indescribable gentleness, loneliness, patience, hope, faith and underneath all the slow pounding of history.

I will write songs against you,
enemies of my people; I will pelt you
with the winged seeds of the
dandelion;

I will marshal against you
the fireflies of the dusk . . .

I will go into the ghetto: the sunlight
for only an hour or two at noon
on the pavements here is enough for
me;

the smell of the fields in this street
for only a day or two in spring
is enough for me.
This peace is enough for me;
let the heathen rage . . .

Despite this and despite this,
despite this and despite this, too;
for we are a stubborn people . . .

The seasons change.
That is change enough.
Chance planted me beside a stream
of water;
content, I serve the land,
whoever lives here and whoever
passes. . . .

The lines I have quoted are put together from many different poems; but I hope they convey a little of the genuineness of Reznikoff's feeling, the maturity of his writing. Longer passages have a profounder force, and only the book itself can give you the full sense of what he has done; even so we shall soon need a volume of his complete work. One note of caution, however: when you buy this book, tear out the three pages of introduction written by C. P. Snow; they have no place in a work like this.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

PENNSYLVANIA STATION continues to be the preservation issue this fall in New York. It is the intent of a syndicate headed by Irving Felt to knock the splendid old pile down and in its place erect several office buildings, perhaps a hotel, and a new Madison Square Garden. The architectural renderings published of the new Garden had it resembling a gigantic planet toy. There are also bowling alleys somewhere in the scheme—perhaps the same alleys not permitted to be jammed into Grand Central Station's high-ceiling space a year or so back.

This commercial cannibalism on Seventh Avenue prompted, in August, a sidewalk demonstration of protest, including some influential people. Petitions circulated. Mr. Felt snarled: "Fifty years from now, when it's time for our Center to be torn down, there will be a new group of architects who will protest."

But many people seemingly think the vandalism is inevitable. The redoubtable Newbold Morris is squarely behind a

ACTUALLY I read Oppen's book before Reznikoff's, so the comparison can't be blamed for my feeling that Oppen's poems are the weaker by far. They try to have more meaning than they themselves say; but the meanings are surfaced, swimming like bits of tinsel in a pool. Not Oppen's fault in the least, I imagine, since he is obviously a skillful writer; I doubt that meaning, as distinct from knowledge, is in him or in his condition of life: at least that is what you would judge from these collected poems.

Although he too was an Objectivist and his writing goes back thirty years, he has the breathlessness I associate with younger writers, the air of having incised his poems on the Kohinoor diamond. Nevertheless, I recommend his book, especially to those who love engines and tools for their own sake, i.e., not as cultural devices. Oppen has a fine mechanic's sense. For anyone who has ever adjusted the tappets of his own car, or replaced a blown head gasket, there is a poem on the stopping and dying—the asphyxiation—of a gasoline engine that is worth the price of the book, though you will have to ignore the sermon which appears, inevitably, in the last three lines.

scheme to preserve eighteen of the Doric columns around Penn Station by carting them to Battery Park, and putting them up—without a building—in one of those picturesque gestures called *folies* in nineteenth-century England. This dead decorativeness was the kind of thing that signaled the decline of the British Empire.

For it is almost always great spaces, almost never decoration, that provokes great sentiment in civic architecture. Big men build big rooms and the public eventually fills them with emotion. It would be idiocy to let Penn Station go. It is a public object, in the realest sense. Little pieces of thousands of lives can be recalled there—a function of civic architecture at its most effective, standing as a set of milestones in time. The promoters are treading on the public toes in their assumption that they can destroy this place for a few men's personal gain—even in commercial old New York. The public resentment that has begun should be continued, for it can work. If, unlike the railroad men who

built it, the present owners of Penn Station don't care what happens to it (and seemingly they do not; they have systematically been desecrating the space indoors for some years), perhaps the time has come for a wing of the government to buy it from the railroad, with some of that rail subsidy money.

FOR A personal example of what Penn Station means to thousands, it is to me like an old friend and mentor. I was raised in a Long Island commuting town (this hardly makes me unique) and



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Penn Station was my first base in Manhattan. From it I learned to venture further alone—through the arcade over to Macy's, for example. Later, in high school years, if you missed the 1:42 A.M. to Port Washington, having milked the cover charge at the Astor Roof, there was no train until dawn. But there were plenty of benches, hard ones, to sprawl on upstairs and talk and talk. And there was the mop brigade to watch.

Trains from college always terminated in Penn Station; and most wartime trains seemed to leave from that evocative old train room, its soot-laden glass roof hovering ninety-one feet up, darked down in the dimout. What a romantic room, even for peacetime partings! What a lot of bowling alleys will fit there.

CERTAINLY I'm sentimental about the astonishing old building that McKim Mead & White designed for President Alexander Cassatt of the Pennsylvania line a half century ago. Thousands of people are, and should be. That is the point: there *should* be a lot of memories among the soot in any well-designed railroad station. It should be part of the intent. It is not by error that the immense room above the Pennsylvania trains is one of the loftiest spaces in New York, able to deepen any mood one has when he passes through. No matter the press of people in it, it is too high to be really oppressive—and this quality is the result of design technique. The empty space above permits you to be alone in a crowd, not just a victim of

the crowd. It is like living beside an ocean.

This space did not come easily. The Pennsylvania complex, begun in 1903 and finished in 1910, also involved building two tunnels under the two rivers around Manhattan, an audacious scheme even for a railroad baron like Cassatt. It has been estimated that it would cost almost \$600 million today to duplicate the Penn Station complex. (The original cost was \$112 million.) It is true that the ingenious real-estate men do not actually include the removal of the railroad in their calculations for improving the terminal. The train platforms would still be buried below the streets. Cattle-yard techniques, improved with escalators, would be used to route the people from the trains to the streets or subways (or offices, upstairs).

Travel is thus degraded, made pageantless, without the ceremonial content the traveler is entitled to. Some day we perhaps will begin journeys in large pneumatic tubes. Arriving travelers will have no chance to sort themselves out after leaving trains or planes, to regain their identities before pushing on. People won't meet trains. It will save a lot of time for bowling. Buildings by which to mark lives? Supermarkets may have to do.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

THE presence of Aaron Copland among the composers who have been commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for its inaugural season at Lincoln Center, is in many respects, an anomaly. While most of the others have been content, over the past decade at least, to repeat their fixed sets of mannerisms, Copland has consistently remained aware of new developments and has attempted to assimilate certain of their features into his own manner. Thus, in the Piano Quartet (1950), Piano Fantasy (1957) and Nonet for Solo Strings (1960), resemblances to twelve-tone configurations and procedures become increasingly apparent in the linear materials, although the harmonic context has remained unmistakably tonal. In *Connotations for Orchestra*, composed for the Philharmonic series and first performed at Philharmonic Hall on opening night, the twelve-tone material provides the derivational basis for every aspect of the work, harmonic as well as melodic; be-

cause this material is "chromatic," the sonorous qualities of the new piece are much less specific in their tonal orientation than those of the earlier period.

The twelve-tone aspect of *Connotations* consists mainly of a more or less rigorous derivation of all its passages from the three four-note brass chords with which it opens. Since these chords are made up of the total content of the chromatic scale, they may be said to imply a certain ordering on the collection of twelve available pitch elements, as three four-note segments of a twelve-tone set. Beyond this, however, the formal procedures have no relation to the twelve-tone system as such; that is, Copland makes no consistent attempt to use the particular properties of formal coherence and hierarchization inherent within the constraints of the system, in which a particular ordering of the chromatic scale functions as a referential basis for a network of permutational relationships in a way very roughly analogous to the functioning of harmonic relations in a tonal work with reference to a "tonic." This, by definition, is the only sense in which a work may be considered really "twelve-tone"; but the distinction is far from arbitrary, since there is a radical difference, from every syntactical, formal and "aesthetic" point of view, between a sonic structure whose principles of coherence, the exact significations of all its elements, depend entirely on such an organizational assumption, and one in which similar principles are invoked as freely associative elements that contribute, along with other elements, to the coherence and clarity of a given context. In a sense, Copland has taken advantage of the characteristics of his informal method to generate hierarchic levels among sections, according to their relative freedom of derivation from the "basic set"; the alternation of such sections creates an "inside" scheme like that of a Bach fugue, alternating strict "exposition" with frankly developmental "episodes."

WHATEVER the degree of twelve-tone involvement in *Connotations*, its qualities are much closer, in all essential respects, to Copland's own earlier music than to the music of Schönberg or Webern. In fact, the attitude toward composition that he has maintained throughout his creative life is exactly opposite to the concentration on internal correspondence and on the functionality of every element as an articulative unit in a total structure, that one finds in Schön-

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berg and Webern. Copland's music has exhibited a primary concern with the presentation of individual events, the establishment of a sharply characteristic profile purely for its gestural qualities rather than for any large formal tensions or hypotheses it might suggest. The problem in this kind of music is one of continuity; once stated, such an essentially static gesture tends to generate immobility, and all the compositional tension is in the effort to maintain the effect of immediate intensity over as long a span as possible. Again, since the necessity for absolute clarity of profile necessitates the restriction of the component elements to a minimum number and complexity (usually a few fundamental triads and a narrow melodic range, reiterated literally or transposed piecemeal to other tonal levels: in this sense, Copland has always been a "serial" composer), a composition based on a single gesture can rarely be sustained for a long span (witness, for example, the individual movements of *Statements*).

Therefore, when composing works of large proportions, Copland's method has been to oppose contrasting gestures in successive passages, creating through their alternation and successive intensification a semblance of traditional continuity that overlies the internal inertia. The relevance of these techniques to the theatre is apparent, and Copland's ingenuity in inventing and combining vivid melodic-harmonic-rhythmic shapes resulted, during the period from 1925-1945, in his single-handed development of a remarkable genre of theatre and ballet music (whose surface resemblances to Stravinsky are as misleading as are those of *Connotations* to Schönberg). The outstanding instances—particularly *Billy the Kid* and *Appalachian Spring*—are masterpieces of their kind.

FOR non-theatrical works, Copland seems to take their designation as "abstract" quite literally, and to embody in them a gesture of "abstraction" itself. Each work of this kind, beginning notably with the Piano Variations of 1930, seems to have been arrested in a preliminary compositional stage, and left in the form of a schematic plan rather than of a completed entity. Embellishment and inflection are completely suppressed, so that each successive attack appears to "stand for" an entire structural region with uniform expository assertiveness.

In these respects, *Connotations* lies

directly in the line of the major piano works: the Variations, Sonata and Fantasy. Even its materials bear an unmistakable sonic resemblance to the earlier compositions; the three opening chords (actually the same chord registered differently) are like those at the opening of the Sonata, differing only in that instead of the diatonic triad with "dissonant" note appropriate to the "neo-classic" gesture of the sonata, the "chromaticism" of the later work is manifested in the chordal construct of a diminished triad with an added fifth. Strong reminiscences of the theme of the Variations occur in the very first noticeable horizontal event in the strings; and later the telescoping theme of the slow movement of the Third Symphony appears briefly. In orchestration, too, there is evident correspondence to the "transcribed piano style" of the *Statements* and the *Orchestral Variations*.

Like the most successful earlier works, *Connotations* takes the form of a set of variations. But here, the effective sense of directionality of the earlier Variations is absent, and one is often painfully aware of the formal contrivance; predictably, each successive "climax" surpasses the preceding in timbral weight, volume and resonance, but the absence of any significant contextual intensification makes the gesture appear empty.

Where the narrow range of pitch material in the earlier works made possible a well-defined basis for the perception of change and articulation, the wider latitude of the "twelve-tone" material of *Connotations* generates a consistency of sound that masks the subtle changes from "strict" to "free" sections, and emphasizes the purely external relations among the variations. I am aware throughout the piece of the absence of a real relationship between horizontal and vertical elements beyond the literal, and occasionally over-literal, "horizontalization" of the underlying harmonies. Also, the rhythm, rather square for the most part, seems not to associate significantly with the pitch structure, even in the way it does in Mozart or Beethoven. This is particularly exposed in the variation that begins with percussion solo; here, too, as in the orchestration of the Piano Variations, it seems to me that Copland mistakenly equates the resonant percussive clangor of the piano with the "dead" sound of orchestral percussive instruments. Perhaps it is relevant that the most successful sections of the piece are the two solo piano interludes, which are like a concentrated summary of the

essential material of the work, and bring back vividly, if only momentarily, the intense quality of the Piano Variations.

Unquestionably, the attempt at an "avant-garde" gesture was courageous of Copland—just how courageous was eloquently attested to by the confused near-silence which greeted *Connotations* at its première. That the considerable resourcefulness and care with which the work was invested is not clearly projected in the aural image may be the most salient possible evidence of the particular strength of the twelve-tone system as the means for significant control and articulation of the twelve-tone material (compare, for example, Schönberg's Op. 33A, which is also generated from a succession of chords). But whatever one's evaluation of this new work, it leaves no doubt that Mr. Copland is still a composer with whom one will have to come to terms whenever a new work of his appears.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

ALAN SILLITOE has made himself the spokesman for one aspect of British working-class life. Unlike Wesker, he endows his people with no political orientation and, unlike Osborne or Braine, he plagues them with no aspirations to success. They are a very tough proletariat, competent in their world of manual jobs, tea and fornication; uninterested in national issues, contemptuous of the welfare state, dishonest, truculent and individualistic. They would make ferociously effective soldiers with a master sergeant snapping at their heels and would go over the hill at the first chance.

Sillitoe first celebrated this contemporary Englishman in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, which was a novel before it became a film; he follows now with *The Loneliness of the Long Distance*

Runner, which is a film made from a short story. He and Tony Richardson, the director, have been extremely fortunate in their lead, a new young actor named Tom Courtenay. He is a lantern-jawed, ill-articulated youth who comes himself from the slums and who conveys the sardonic wit and thin-skinned pugnacity of that environment. Courtenay, for all the slovenly bearing and inarticulate mumbling of his role, is incandescent. I remember no one who slouched through his scenes with such electrifying contempt since the early Marlon Brando.

But the picture seems to me less successful than its predecessor. A short story has to be padded considerably to fill the approximate two hours of a feature movie, and the effect in this case has been not so much to elaborate the story line as to diffuse it. Colin Smith, the Borstal boy with a gift for distance running, refuses to win the big race for too many reasons. Is he thumbing his nose at the acceptable values implied in the discipline and courage of competition; is he getting even with the priggishly hypocritical governor of the school (rather overplayed by Michael Redgrave)? Is he simply afraid of the teacher's-pet label that is about to be pinned to his chest along with a medal? Smith is somewhat in Hamlet's position with respect to his mother and stepfather. Is that why he reverts to a naughty little boy at the moment of maturity? One might answer that all these motives play a part in Smith's self-destructive gesture, but the film, unlike the story, does not treat them as a generalized complex of exacerbations and frustrations leading to the well-known adolescent state of being "fed to the ears." Instead, it gives each thread just enough detail to make it seem possibly, but not conclusively, the effective cause. The result is to blur what was originally a brilliant, lucid sketch.

The great strength of the film is in its projection of personality, the notable figures — in addition to Courtenay as Smith — being Avis Bunnage as his avid, billingsgate mother, Topsy Jane as his accepting girl friend, and a group of boys who, representing a visiting track team from a nearby public school, make shockingly explicit the gulf between England's official virtue and the attitudes and expectations of one section of its contemporary working class.

SATYAJIT RAY'S *Devi* (*The Goddess*) did not last long in its initial New York run, but it will be showing elsewhere and it is worth looking up. I suspect that the reason for the relative failure of the

picture is that, unlike Ray's *The World of Apu*, it shows a segment of the Indian people in an unappetizing light. Americans have a romantic devotion to India, an affection and respect compounded of Kipling, Gandhi and the mysterious wisdom of the East; if the film were set in France or Germany, its rigors might not be so estranging.

Ray has placed his film back in the last century (the only evidence that there are Englishmen in the land is the sound of a regimental band playing off camera), and I do not know whether or not he intends it to have a current critical force. It is, in any case, what I can only call a mean story. A wealthy Indian gentleman, who is devoting his years of retirement to a fanatic adoration of the mother goddess, is served in his sybaritic needs by a lovely and devoted daughter-in-law. It troubles the old man that he may be deprived of this charming handmaiden as soon as his son completes his studies and returns to take up family life. An attribute of the deity here worshiped is that she manifests herself in human form, and one night the father learns in a vision that his young relative has been so elected.

The girl is elevated to a throne, bedecked in trappings of raw splendor, subjected to the ministrations of unrelenting priests, prayed to by the populace and by them beseeched to heal the sick. Completely separated from reality, suffering the acute pain of enforced immobility, frightened by the noise and smell and color of hysterical piety, the girl is benumbed. Then one day a child recovers from a swoon while lying at her feet, and her sanctity becomes irrevocable.

It is obvious to any viewer that the old man's vision is suspiciously appropriate to his half-expressed fears and almost totally suppressed desires. The point is, however, that the coincidence is equally apparent to several people in the picture, including the husband. But such is the authority of a father, and such the impotence engendered by the interplay of old religion and "modern," Occidental knowledge and mores, that no one can save the heroine from being worshiped and petitioned into madness. It is grotesque and convincing — an obscenity amid surroundings of elegance.

The familiar name of the goddess is "Ma," and her devotees pronounce it with a sheeplike quaver that is the most revolting religious utterance I have ever heard. The picture shows a rich and beautiful culture rotting from within. It is a noisome subject, but the film is a work of enormous power, brilliantly staged and photographed.

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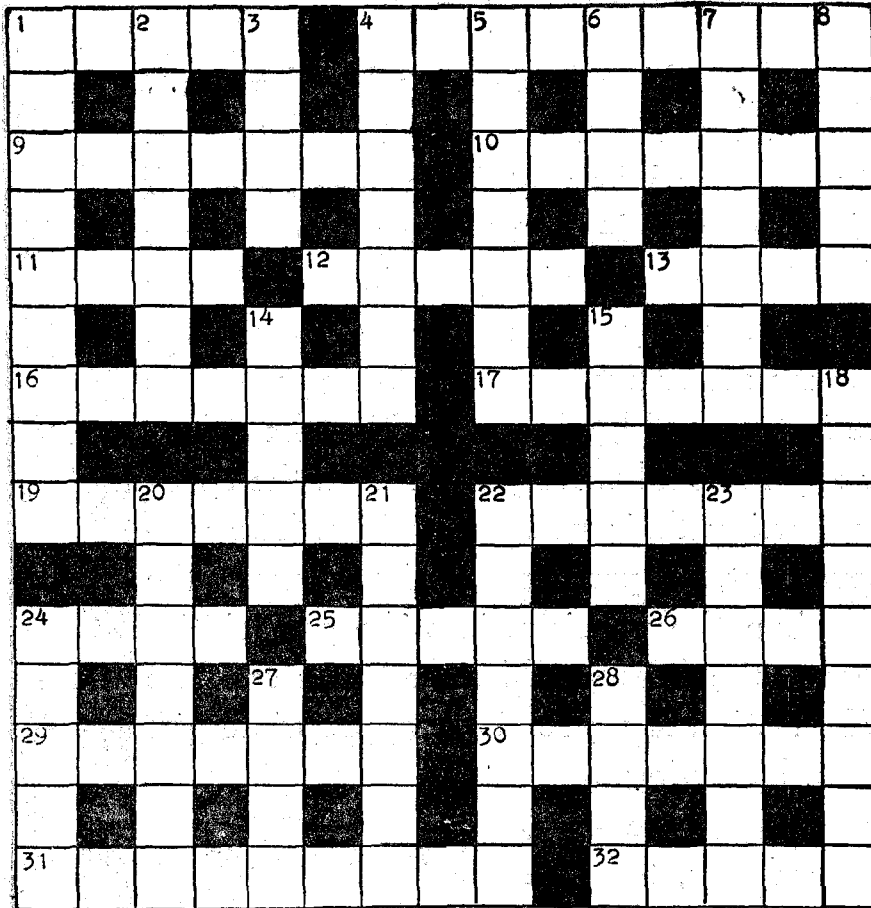
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Crossword Puzzle No. 984

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1, 12 and 15 down Reputedly capable of giving work to 24 across and 30, according to those with given names. (6, 3, 6)
- 4 How to make an All-American selection? (It's one way to shoulder the job.) (9)
- 9 This way, do you need to be concerned with the amount of paper?
- 10 This instrument adds nothing to an automobile in a break-down. (7)
- 11 and 13 An appeal certain to give satisfaction, at least! (8)
- 16 Get madder than anyone at wanton violence! (7)
- 17 What those who settled at the pole did? (7)
- 19 A minor disorder of cattle caused by motion? (7)
- 22 Precast in bands. (7)
- 24 and 30 These might fix the radius for you. (4-7)
- 25 These will never 26, as those who start with 1 across, 12 and 15 say.
- 29 A back-firer obtains things of value, it seems. (7)
- 31 Is one beneath fighting, but close to it? (9)
- 32 Used to be an afterthought for Aristophanes' subject matter. (5)

DOWN:

- 1 Not the record of bets taken on the fight, where one takes a pasting.
- 2 Was a knight errant supposed to

be so successful? (A quick killing might lead to it.) (7)

- 3 The brow and the broken 24 across might do so. (4)
- 4 Get ready to repaper? (7)
- 5 Some question was raised as to its being used to store Irish denim. (7)
- 7 Not quite a reputed saying of Mr. Baba—though you might find a part of it. (7)
- 8 Jack suggests that you might look for him in church. (5)
- 14 Puffs worn by many. (5)
- 18 Is such a form of asset said to be present in barley and potatoes? (9)
- 20 Is there an absence of horse-flesh on one's figure, perhaps? (7)
- 21 Such things may be ordered. (7)
- 22 It's not quite enough just to think French, according to this poet. (7)
- 23 Doesn't loosen a nut set in its manufacture. (7)
- 24 The faux pas of one who prepares chicken, perhaps. (5)
- 27 Puts water on the dish, on getting up. (4)
- 28 and 6 His passages are not always appreciated, if you question certain lines. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 983

ACROSS: 1, 5, 30 and 31 That's the way the cookie crumbles; 10 Actions; 11 Alphorn; 12 Shred; 13 Impeaches; 14 Camel; 16 Handloom; 19 Encysted; 22 Grebe; 24 Effectual; 26 Racks; 28 Testate; 29 Veteran. DOWN: 1

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November 10, 1962

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We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past few weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day after day, week after week, all through the year. There are many people and groups, in this country and elsewhere in the world, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space **The Nation** gives to reporting their varied activities. The programs of the peace movement, the problems of disarmament, the quest for the nuclear-test ban, the probings into the possibilities of negotiation—these are the bread-and-butter issues for **The Nation**. That is why **The Nation** is a peculiarly appropriate gift for the Christmas season. By giving a subscription to **The Nation**, you are contributing, however modestly, to the end that the efforts of those who work steadfastly for peace shall not go unnoticed.



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